

# ARIADNE

Deserted by

THESEVS.

And Found and Courted by

BACCHUS.

A Dramatick Piece

Apted for Recitative Musick.

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Written and Composed

by

RICHARD FLECKNO.

*a Learned Priest, See Marvell's Poems. p. 84.*

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## DEDICATED

To the *Dutchess* of  
*Richmond* and *Lenox*, her  
Grace.

Madam,

**A**ccording to my *Accustomances* of making my *Addresses* always to the *Noblest* and *Worthiest* wherefoere I come; permit me, I beseech your Grace, in the most humblest and respectivist manner, to present this model of my *Recitative Musick* to your fair Hands, as I shall

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shortly

*shortly my Musick it self, to your admirable faculty of judging and understanding it, as also to subscribe my self,*

Madam,

Your Graces most Humble,  
most Obedient, and  
most Devoted  
Servant,

*Richard Fleckno.*

The



## The P R E F A C E.

### *Declaring the Excellency of Recitative Musick,*



Is many years since I  
proposed unto a Sovereign Prince the congruity, that as their  
persons, so their Musick, should be elevated above the  
Vulgar, and made not only to delight the ear, but also their understandings; not patcht up with Songs of different subjects, but all of one piece, with design and plot, accom-

## *The Preface.*

modated to their several dispositions, and occasions; which they then gratiouſly pleased to be inclined to hearken to, when the intervening of certain unexpected accidents, diverted their ears from it, and me from farther thought thereof, till travelling into *Italy* I found that Muſick I intended to introduce, exceedingly in vogue, and far advanced towards its perfection, which made me alſo more ſtudy the perfecting my ſelf therein, I mean Recitative Muſick, being a compound of Muſick and Poetry together, affecting the mind and ſenſe with redoubled delight, ſince if a thing but  
barely

## *The Preface.*

barely pronounced has such force to move the Soul, how much more forcible must it be, when the Harmony of Musick is added to the pronuntiation?

And this Musick it is, (and no other) that hath wrought all those miracles recorded in antient Story; this tis that preserv'd *Penelope* chaste, and *Alexander* valorous, that expels evil spirits, and appeases troubled minds; and that finally hath caus'd all those admirable effects of Musick (whether real, or figurative) perform'd by *Amphion*, *Arion*, and *Orpheus*, &c.

All your antient Musicians having  
A 4                      been

## *The Preface.*

been Poets too, as your Poets Musicians, ( having by it a main advantage of best expressing their own fancies and conceptions ) and so they were called *Lyricks*, and the *Muses* and *Musick*, perhaps, were but reciprocal denominations : Nay, not only almost all the *Erudition* of those Times, but even the *Religion* too was delivered in *Musick*, witnes the *Canticles* of *Moyse*, the *Psalms* of *David*, the *Hymnes* of *Orpheus*, and finally the *Druads* Songs, and the *Ballads* of the *British Bards*, &c.

Which Ballads (such was the Barbarism of insuing times) was in manner the sole relict of this divine  
Sci-



## *The Preface.*

Science, untill *Claudio Montanendo* (in our Fathers days) principally, revived, it shall I say? or renewed it again by his admirable Skill (like another *Prometheus*) conjoyning in one body again the scattered limbs of *Orpheus* (*Musick & Poetry*) which the ignorance of Poets and Musicians had separated, and disseered: The Italian of all other Languages being most happy in it, in having their Tongue and *Genius* apted to it; the *Spanish Genius* not lying that way, though there Tongue be fit enough; nor our Tongue fit for it, though the *Genius* be not wanting. Now the advantage the  
Italian

## *The Preface.*

Italian tongue hath of ours in it, is chiefly, as I conceive, in the strength of their words, they being composed more of the A, and O, (the sinewousness of a Tongue) as also the length of them, whereby each one is able to sustain it self; whereas our Language is so debile and weak, as our words die in a manner as soon as born, not being able scarcely to brook the air; Ending also so faintly and feebly for want of length, as they are forced to fall upon the next following for their support, whence comes the difficulty of pronouncing our words distinctly, or understanding our  
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## *The Preface.*

Language when it is sung; which Inconvenience to Remedy, I concluded first, That your long discourses, and periods, were carefully to be avoided by us, in Recitative Musick, that so the often coming to a close, might make up in the full stop, our words want of length, and by severall reprises more strengthen them. Next, your curious recherched words out of the way of common understanding, were carefully to be avoided, since the main Reason, why commonly we understand not so well when one sings, as when they write, is, because the delightfomness of the

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## *The Preface:*

Harmony, takes part of the Attention away from the understanding of the words; whence the words consequently are to be made as facile as may be, the better to be understood.

Where I cannot but note their want of judgment, who have endeavoured to imitate at all parts in our language the Italian Recitative Musick, not considering, that the Musick of all Nations is cast in the mould of their language, whence there being great difference betwixt their verbosity, and our concised speech, it consequently follows, that that difference should  
also

## *The Preface.*

also be betwixt their Musick and Poetry, and ours.

To conclude then, you may observe in this composition of mine, a particular way of Recitative, different from the Italian, as our language is different; insomuch, as though others, both in Italian and English, have compos'd upon this subject, I am confident yet, whosoever peruses them wil absolve me of theft frō either, so have I endeavour'd short periods, and frequent rithmes, with words smooth and facile, such as most easily might enter into the mind, and be digested by the understanding; studying nothing so much

## The Preface.

much, as that my words should not at all appear studious, your *difficiles nugæ*, or difficult toys, being in nothing more ridiculous than in this; with finally a pathetickness in lieu of all other Rhetorick, having observ'd, that your Italian Orators, with an Oh or a *Misericordia*, do more move their Auditors to tears and compunction, than with all their curious Rhetorick besides.

Of the composition of the Musick, I shall defer to speak, untill the publishing of it, as shortly I intend to do, with a Treatise of the Air of Musick, and of this in particular, to shew, that as no composition seems  
more

## *The Preface.*

more easy to the ignorant than it, so none is more hard to those who understand it.

Hoping that I shall not appear to have ill merited of my Country, in studying Musick and Concord, whilst others study only discord & dissention; and in striving to delight rather than contristat it, in the sad and sorrowfull condition wherein it is.

ARIADNE

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# ARIADNE.

*The Landscapt, or Prospect of a Desert Isle discover'd, with a Ship afar off sailing from thence; when Ariadne, awaked out of sleep, by sad ( but delicate ) Musick, ( suppos'd the harmony of the celestial minds ) and finding her self deserted by Theseus, thus expresses first, in recitative Musick,*

*The Confusion of her Thoughts, and her distracted passions.*

*Ariadne.*



Y me ! and is he gon !  
 And I left here alone !  
 Ah *Theseus* stay —  
 But see he sails away,  
 And never minds my moan —  
 Yet sure he do's not fly me,  
 But only dos't to try me ;

B

And

And he'll return again —  
 Oh no ! that hope is vain,  
 Hee's gon, hee's gon ,  
 And I left here alone,  
 Poor wretch ! the most forlorn,  
 As ever yet was born,  
 With killing dolours more than Tongue can speak,  
 O heart, why dos't not break ?

*Here the Winds and Seas seeming moved  
 with her Sighes and Tears, ( the supposed  
 Companions of her Solitude and Affliction )  
 the first represented by the Æolides, or wing-  
 ed heads, puffing out of bigg-swoln clouds, and  
 the second by the Nereides, or Sea-Nymphs,  
 Syren-like,*

Sing this in Chorus.

**T**Is still the Heavens peculiar care,  
 Of all that's nobly Good, and Fair,  
 That when they suffer, every one  
 Claims right to soft compassion ;

So th' liquid waves do weep, and moan,  
 The gentle winds do sigh, and groan,  
 While th' Rocks with Eccboes measure keep  
 To th' Mistsick of the Air, and of the Deep;  
 Only Theseus, more hard, more cruel far than they,  
 Ne'r minds her grievous plaints; but sails away.

Here she starts up, and first expresses her  
 Rage and Anger, next her pitifull Lamen-  
 tations and Grief.

*Ariadne.*

**B** ut why thus weep I, for that perfidious, who  
 Abandons, and leaves me so?

Let him weep rather, so perfidiously:

Leaves and Abandons me.

“ Only for proper Guilt,

“ Tears should be spilt.

And so they shall, if there be any Pow'rs

Beyond this Sphere of ours,

In Heav'n, or the Abyss,

To punish crimes like this.

As 'tis your Int'rest, O ye Pow'rs divine !  
As well as mine :

For let him pass unpunish'd, and who shall  
Hereafter think there's any Gods at all ?  
But you 'r too pitifull, and are not bent  
Cruelly enough; — I'll be his punishment ;  
If there be any Magick in a Curse,  
Dire Imprecations, horrid Vowes, or worse,  
I'll thunder Tempests on his catit head,  
That now is fled,  
I'll storm, and whirlwinds of my breath,  
Mix'd with the angry lightning of mine Eyes,  
More violent by far  
Than those that darted are  
From the enraged Skies,  
Shall hurry him to death,  
My Angers sacrifice :  
When thou pale trembling *Thesens* then,  
Wretchedst of Men,  
Shalt find, when 'tis too late,  
“ Nothing 's more cruel than a Lovers hate.

*Chorus*

( 5 )

*Chorus.*

Shall we the whilst contribute nothing to  
Her rage, as well as to her woe ?

*winds.*

Yes, first we'll murmur, and hiss him unto scorn,  
Then rage, and crowd our selves into a Storm.

*Sea.*

And up we'll bear him, till he touch the Skies,  
Then down, till buried in the Deep he lies.

*winds.*

Away, away, then let 's about it strait.

*Sea.*

Stay, yet her farther pleasure let's await.

*Ariadne.*

**B**Ut alas ! what can I do ?

But only wish and wish, and scarcely too ,  
For I recall them, wou'd to Heaven, withall,

I *Theseus* but as eas'ly could recall ;

I repent me of them too, wou'd thou cou'dst tell,

O *Theseus*, to repent thee but as well ;

Then should poor *Ariadne* not complain,

As now, alas ! she does, nor burst again (can vent,

With thronging sobbs and sighs, more than she c'r

For thy griev'd loss, more than she can lament.

B 3

Here

*Here, after sad Musick, she falls into a passion of sighing, weeping, and lamenting.*

*Ariadne.*

**B**Low, blow, my Sighs,  
 Flow, flow, my Tears then, till you overflow,  
 And drown me so ;  
 And then congeal, till *Ariadne* be  
 A colder Stone than *Niobe* ;  
 And so become  
 Her own sad Tomb :  
 Or let my pining Grief consume me so,  
 Hereafter none may ever know,  
 Unto her foul disgrace,  
*Ariadne* ever was :  
 Or charge me to a thin unbodied Ghost,  
 Some æry spirit, or substance, or at most  
 An Animated groan,  
 And an Eternal moan.

*Here lively, and sprightly Musick  
 is heard afar off, by degrees approaching  
 the*

( 7 )  
the Place, and at last the Bacchanti, or  
Fore-runners of Bacchus, appear, in Ouant  
Triumph, with their Timbrels, Systrums,  
Thyrsefes, and other Ensigns of Bacchus  
Orgyes.

When suddenly they fall into this drin-  
king Catch,

**C**ome Children o'th' Bottle, and let's have a round,  
As long as but liquor in the Bottles is found,  
Drink, merrily drink,  
Whilst the Flaggons do clink,  
And glasses do tink,  
And each one does think  
That the world turns round a, round a,  
And no body sober be found a.  
Fill the Cups full,  
Fill the Cups full Boyes,  
And say what they wull,  
Say what they wull Boyes,  
There is no life but in Liquor.  
For Æsculape  
's but Phœbus's Ape,  
And Phœbus but Bacchus's Vicar.

*Here Bacchus appears, habited like a Conquerour, with his Lynxes or Leopards Skin fastned on one Shoulder, and hanging down under the other Arm, crown'd with Ivy, and his Thyrses intwin'd and wreath'd with Vine leaves in his hand, followed by the Satyrs and Sileni, &c. whilst the Chorus sings.*

**Chorus.**

**I**O, Lyæus, Evan, Bacchus,  
Nyfæus, Bromius, and Iacchus,  
Twice-born, to shew, Divinity  
was redoubled in thee;  
whilst all th' Inhabitants o'th' Skies  
Besides, are simple Deities.

Io, Lyæus, Evan, Bacchus,  
Nyfæus, Bromius, and Iacchus,

*Here*



*Here Bacchus spies Ariadne weeping, and  
stands amaz'd.*

*Bacchus.*

**O** All ye Heavenly Deities !  
 What lovely grief and sorrow 's this ,  
 At oncemine eyes, and admiration draw ?  
 Surpassing far  
 All ravishing joyes that are,  
 Or yet I ever saw !  
 And can those sighs be breathed into air,  
 From lips so fair, and sweet,  
 But we must straightway see 't :  
*Ambrosique* sweet, as *Rosie* fair ?  
 And can those Tears, let fall  
 From her bright eyes, not strait congeal withall  
 To *Pearls*, we more than *Oriental* call? —  
 Divine beauty, compar'd to whom,  
 Divinity do's less becom,  
 Who hast un-godded *Bacchus*, and  
 Made him here thy Suppliant stand,  
 Doubtful whe'r any thing he be,  
 Till 't be determin'd of by thee.

*Nci.*

Neither wou'd he be divine,  
 Farther than he may be thine —  
 Behold a *God* falls down before thee,  
 Lowly prostrat to adore thee.

He kneels, whilst the *Chorus* sings.

*Chorus.*

**S**OVERAIGN Beauty, hast the power,  
 To conquer that great Conquerour  
 Of all the Indies far and wide,  
 And all th' adjacent world beside;  
 Sing we of all the Gods above,  
 The mightiest of all is Love,  
 In Heaven and Earth, when e'er he please,  
 Can do such mighty things as these.

*Bacchus.*

**S**ORROW do's so heavy sit  
 Upon her, as she moves not yet:  
 Sing then again, and with a merrier lay,  
 Chace her importunater grief away.

*Chorus*

## Chorus.

*Then let us sing to make her merry,  
 And laugh til our cheeks be as red as a cherry  
 And make all laugh as well as we,  
 with ho, ho, ho, and he, he, he.*

## I.

Laughter every one does love,  
 From him below, to him above ,  
 Appearing still with count'nance gay ,  
 Chasing care and grief away,  
 Chearing with her cheerfull face;  
 Whilst your melancholy As,  
 Who smiles just as his Lips were starcht,  
 Or his mouth burnt up and parcht,  
 Nor does ever laugh out-right,  
 But when Dogs, perchance, do fight,  
 Or some other mischief 's done,  
 Is hated for't by every one.

## Chorus.

## Chorus.

**L**et those then care and sorrow love,  
 Weeping-Heraclites approve,  
 Laughing-Democritus for me,  
 with ho, ho, ho, and he, he, he.

2.

He who laughs not at a Jest,  
 's like him who eats not at a Feast,  
 Either of them, you must grant,  
 Do's both wit, and stomach want ;  
 I'd not give a pin for him,  
 Cannot laugh at every thing,  
 At the wagging of a Feather, |  
 Or Straw's motion (choose ye whether )  
 And but fall, and there is laughter  
 For a week or fortnight after.  
 Who say Fools only laugh, do lie,  
 I say th' are only Fools who cry.

Chorus.

## Chorus.

**L** Et those then care and sorrow love,  
*weeping-Heraclites approve,*  
*Laughing-Demecritus for me,*  
*with ho,ho,ho, and he,he,he.*

*Here she looks up, appearing a little com-  
 ted, when Bacchus thus makes his Addres-  
 to her.*

## Bacchus.

15. Fairer than fairest, if your eies,  
 Cleerer than the cleerer skies,  
 Sign to look upon a Lover,  
 So this bold Truth dares discover  
 That he loves, and loves most true,  
 And withall loves only you,  
 Would none of th' ignoblest I,  
 And here, cou'd boast a Deity,  
 That I hold it greater boast,  
 To vaunt that I love you the most —

In pledge of which love, deign O fairest,  
 Sweetest, dearest, and the rarest,  
 T' accept of this poor Crown you see,  
 And with 't of Immortality ;  
 Since after once 'tis dignified  
 By you, 't shall strait be stellified,  
 And in the clearest Skies appear,  
 Exalted to the highest Sphere,  
 The brightest Constellation there —  
 What sayes my dearest ?

*Ariadne.*

What shu'd I say ?

But where the Gods command, there Mortals must  
 (obey)

*Bacchus.*

**L**ead on in Triumph then, and let the Fame  
 Of brightest *Ariadne's* name,  
 Whilst with glory she is crown'd,  
 From Earth to highest Heav'n resound,

From

From t'on to t'other Pole be known,  
 From the Suns rise, t' his going down.

*Here, whilst they go off in Triumph, the  
 Chorus sings this Triumphant Song.*

Chorus.

**N**E'r was conjunction more sweet,  
 Than where Divine and Fair do meet.

Nor ever were this happy pair,

Happier than now they are,

In his blest Consortship she,

And in her Embraces he.

Let Bacchus and Ariadne's name,

Be ever (then) i' th' mouth of fame,

And ever fill the worlds large ear,

And in Accents lowd and cleer,

From t'on to t'other Pole be known,

From th' Suns rise, to his going down.

**FINIS**





